SOMETIME!

BY BELLA B. BARRY.

It may be when the forest trees
Are called upon to say farewell
To autumn tints, and winter sees
His dazzling white—I cannot tell;
But Hope bids me stay,
While my thoughts fly away
To the meeting that may
Be sometime!

It may be when spring's wondrous dreams
Wrap soul in sweet romance's spell,
And earth one bright elysium seems—
I cannot tell! I cannot tell!
But Hope bids me stay,
While my thoughts fly away
To that glorious day
In the sometime!

It may be in proud summer's hours,
When vague and dreamy heart hopes swell,
And bloom the fragrant dazzling flowers—
I cannot tell! Oh, cannot tell!
But Hope bids me stay,
While my thoughts fly away,
And a soft voice doth say,
Yes—sometime!

It may not be till earth is done,
And like a star above we dwell,
In the high realms our souls have won—
I cannot tell! I cannot tell!
But Hope says to me
His face shalt thou see
In sweet bliss that shall be
In that sometime!

CAPTAIN MURRAY'S TRUST.

BY R. A. RILEY.

Stories of shipwreck are common. The wide ocean swallows up many who venture upon its treacherous waters, and many who escape with their lives, after their vessel has gone down into the briny flood, can only look back with a shudder of horror at the perils and privations they have passed through.

In the days before steamships were in vogue, the well-built and seaworthy brig Tornado, commanded by Captain John Murray, used to make an occasional trip between the city of New Orleans and the city of New York, carrying such passengers as desired to make the voyage. On one of these occasions an unusually large number of passengers embarked on board the vessel at New Orleans. Among this number was a slender young girl, about seventeen years of age, of remarkable beauty, who had been placed in charge of the Captain by her relatives, with the request that she should be landed at Charleston, South Carolina, where the vessel expected to touch. This young girl was named Adelaide Bronson, who had been on a visit to her brother in New Orleans, and was now returning to her parents in Charleston. The passengers soon discovered that, in addition to being remarkably beautiful, Adelaide was very intelligent, and possessed all other qualities necessary to insure admiration. Captain John Murray felt his heart warm toward her from the first. The Captain was not, as one might suppose, a rough old "sea dog," who by years of command over his men had acquired a bluff air and a stern demeanor, but was young—only twenty-four—with a handsome, pleasant face and courteous air, yet the set of his mouth and the stately poise of his head showed that he possessed a will-power that would carry him through dangers and difficulties wherein a vast majority would fail. His men loved, respected, feared, and obeyed him.

Captain Murray was unmarried, and it was natural that his heart should warm toward the most lovable, the most beautiful female he had ever beheld, and he conducted himself toward her with his natural gallantry, and showed her those delicate attentions which a lady of her intelligence could duly appreciate. The voyage was commenced under favorable auspices. After having once cleared the Mississippi, a smacking breeze carried the brig swiftly forward upon her course.

"At this rate," said the Captain to his mate, "we shall be opposite to Havana in two days at the furthest." The vessel sped onward under the influence of the fine breeze, and in a little less than forty-eight hours had arrived at Key West City, on Key West Island, south of Florida, which is about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Havana. Stopping here for a few hours, the brig resumed her course, steering south of the Florida Reefs, upon which so many vessels are annually wrecked. For five or six hours the vessel kept steadily on its way. All at once there burst upon the brig one of those sudden and furious storms so common in that latitude. It came up so quickly that they had not time to prepare the vessel before it was upon them.

Bronze-cheeked sailors turned pale who had never felt fear before, for in spite of all the efforts of the gallant crew, the furious tornado was bearing its namesake directly toward the fatal Florida Reefs. Onward the vessel rushed, scudding under bare poles, for every sail was split to ribbons. The chain of low islands called the Florida Reefs were not yet in view when the storm began to lull, and hope sprang up once more. A storm stay-sail was tried and found to bear. Other sails were being bent, when suddenly a crashing, grating noise was heard along the vessel's keel.

"Ah! we're done for now," exclaimed the Captain to his first mate; "we have rushed over one of the sunken reefs. Go below and see what is the damage, while I order the men to man the pumps so as to have them ready in case we can do any good with them."

"Ay! ay! sir," responded the mate, as he bounded down into the hold. He soon returned, with an ashen hue upon his face, and said: "I fear, sir, the pumps will be of little use; the water is rushing in at a dozen great rents faster than forty times the number of pumps we have could pump it out."

"How long do you suppose we can keep afloat?" asked the Captain calmly, though his face expressed the anxiety he felt.

"Twenty minutes, and not more than thirty at the furthest."

The gurgling sound of the water rushing into the hold was now plainly to be heard. The passengers were collected around, holding on as best they could to keep the lurching of the vessel from throwing them overboard, and manifesting great distress, with the exception of a small group who had collected near the Captain, and among this group was Adelaide Bronson. Captain Murray gave one glance upon Adelaide, a hopeless, longing glance, and then looked out upon the stormy sea. The waves were dashing high, and the prospect indeed seemed hopeless.

All at once the Captain placed his trumpet to his mouth and shouted: "Man the boats!"

"Why man the boats?" said the mate; "no boat could live in such a sea as this."

"That may be true," replied the Captain, "but we can all get into the boats, and let them remain fastened to the brig, until the very moment she is going down, and then cut loose, and thus we won't be sucked downward to such a great depth by the sinking vessel, nor be killed by the fragments bursting upward; and if the boats swamp some may be able to get hold of fragments, that will support them, until the sea becomes calm."

"I understand," replied the mate, "but I can't see much hope in either case."

"Heave away, my hearties, never say die!" shouted the Captain to the men who were lowering the yawl; and they did heave away and the boat was soon rocking upon the billowy tide. The other boats, three in number, had been lowered at the same time at other points; and a general scramble commenced to see who should be first to get in them. Captain Murray now turned to Adelaide Bronson and said: "Miss Adelaide, this is probably our last hour on earth. I will tell you now what I would not have had the courage to tell you under other circumstances. I love you as I never loved any other before. You were placed under my charge to watch over and protect, but now I must place you under the care of some one else in one of the boats, for I must be the last to leave my vessel, and it may go down before I can leave it. Come, and as we go I'll say farewell."

"Nay, Captain Murray, I would stay with you. I love you, I warrant, as much as you do me, and when you die I wish to die also."

The Captain clasped her in his arms, and amid the howling of the storm, and the lurching of the vessel, imprinted upon her lips a kiss of pure and holy love. The storm had now lulled considerably, yet the sea was violently rough. The last of the passengers and seamen were scrambling into the boats. Pete, the Captain's cook, was handing down into the yawl a little girl, the daughter of the mate who stood just behind anxiously looking on, when suddenly the vessel gave a great forward lurch.

"Cut loose," cried those in the boat, "she's going under." It was immediately done. Pete and the mate sprang over into the yawl, at the risk of maiming some one, and the boats all shot away from the doomed vessel, on whose deck alone was left Captain Murray and Adelaide, clasped in each other's arms, and thus they went down, down, down, with their ill-starred vessel to its watery grave. To Captain Murray, who held Adelaide clasped tightly in his arms, it seemed as if they would never begin to rise again. All at once he felt something surge up beneath his feet, bearing them upward. He never lost his consciousness, but a great roaring was in his ears, and it seemed as if he would suffocate for want of air. Let any one hold his breath a minute by the watch if he can, and he will have some idea of his feelings as he went up, up, to the surface. It was reached at last. The Captain caught one gasp of air, and before he could catch another, felt himself and Adelaide going down, down, again; but in a few seconds they returned to the surface. The stout planking of one of the decks had broken loose from the sunken vessel and had arisen immmediately beneath them, and its buoyancy doubtless saved them from going to a much greater depth and from perishing. The portion of deck which had broken loose was some eight or ten feet in width and double that in length. The planking had been stoutly braced together, so that there was but little danger of its going to pieces immediately. Near the outer edge of this planking, securely fastened to it, were some iron rings, which had been thus placed that ropes might be drawn through and secured.

Providentially as they came to the surface the second time, Captain Murray was directly over one of these rings. The Captain instantly grasped the ring with his left hand, while he supported the now unconscious Adelaide with his right. He caught his breath rapidly as the planking beneath them arose to the top of a huge wave. The life-giving air renewed his almost exhausted strength, and he instantly arose erect, and lifting Adelaide as high as he could reach above his head, he ran his foot through the ring, so that he might not be swept backward and off into the water as they went down into the trough of the billow. As they went downward, the planking shot into, and was for a short time so deeply submerged in the next wave that the water swept up even into the Captain's face, and had it not been for his foot in the ring, and the other foot hard braced behind him, he would have been instantly swept away; as it was, he with difficulty held Adelaide clear of the water above him, and maintained his balance. The ring was near the forward end of the planking, and the weight of the Captain and Adelaide had submerged their frail support much more than it would otherwise have been. The Captain felt that he could not maintain his position long. As they arose to the top of the next wave he looked back and saw, as he expected, another ring at the back end of the planking.

He immediately rushed toward it, bearing Adelaide with him. His experience in walking upon the deck of his vessel when it was rolling and lurching so that a landsman would have fallen headlong, now enabled him to reach the other ring in safety, just as they went sweeping down into the trough of the next billow. The weight, now so suddenly transferred to the back end, so raised the front of the planking, that when it dived into the next wave the water barely swept around the gallant Captain's ankles. He now felt much more secure and turned his attention to Adelaide, who was vomiting sea-water and gasping for breath. In a short time she had fully recovered, and the Captain placed her on her feet beside him, while he supported her with his right arm, his right foot being firmly braced in the ring. Occasionally they had to move from side to side to balance their frail craft and to keep it from turning end for end. In this way an hour passed, and the sea grew comparatively smooth, so that they could move about together upon their frail craft in safety. A few more hours, and the sea had resumed its natural placidity. The day wore away, and night came on. They passed the night in sitting side by side upon the planking, which still held together remarkably well.

Morning dawned at last. Ten o'clock came, and, to the joy of both, a sail was descried bearing directly toward them. They were both beginning to suffer from hunger and thirst, Adelaide very severely. The advancing sail proved to be a very small schooner sailing from San Augustine to Havana. As it drew near, a boat was sent out, and the Captain and Adelaide were taken on board, where they received every courtesy from captain and crew. At Havana, a vessel was found about to sail for Charleston, and, taking passage, they soon arrived at the latter place, where the gallant Captain had the satisfaction of delivering his charge safely into the hands of her parents; but as the price of his delivery he demanded his cargo, and his demand was complied with, and he and Adelaide in a few weeks were united in marriage.

Only one of the boats from the ill-starred brig escaped; the other three were swamped, and the occupants perished.

The gallant Captain tried the sea no more, but with his lovely bride settled down on a rice plantation back of Charleston, which his wealthy father-in-law had given them.

He Hit It.

"What's ginerally kept in a bottle in de ba'n?" he asked of a butcher on the market.

"Oil, liniment, kerosene, poison, and other stuff, including whisky. Did you find a bottle in a barn?"

"Yes, sah."

"And drank the contents?"

"Yes, sah."

"And how do you feel?"

"Sorter exalted, sah—sorter jist like I was smart 'nuff to skip all de liniments an' pizen an' hit de whisky plumb-center."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHERE is the ideal wife?" asks a prominent lecturer. In the cellar splitting kindling, most likely.

A TERRIBLE FIX.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

"By Jove, I'm in for it this time. What a crazy loon I must have been. How can I get out of the difficulty?"

Handsome Bertie Raymond paced up and down the floor of his law office in Broadway, like a caged lion anxious to get loose. He was in a fix, for "Handsome Bertie," as he was called, was the pet of society, the idol of the ladies, and the beloved of at least two of the fair sex.

And the fix, unpleasant enough to cause the perspiration to pour from every pore of his body, was in relation to those two ladies. He had compromised himself with each. There was charming Polly Glynn, whose winsome ways had so won on Bertie's affections that he had all but popped the question." We say "all but," for Polly's young brother rushed into the room just as Bertie was about to ask the charming Polly to share all his wealth, which was about twenty dollars, and gladden his life.

Polly Glynn was in love with Bertie, and as he was handsome and a lawyer, albeit without practice, and she was rich, the match was a desirable one. So at least thought Polly.

But Bertie thought he had luckily escaped, for there was the stately queen of society, Maud Travers, who was desperately in love with him, and who owned a brown stone mansion on Madison avenue, and had a private banking account, independent of her mother's millions, for Maud was the daughter of a millionaire widow.

Bertie had made love to Polly and Maud, but if the truth be told, it was merely lip service. "He liked the girls rarely," he told himself, "and could be comfortable with either, but as for love, why—no, not exactly."

The attraction was the money, and as Maud possessed the biggest amount, she was to be the chosen one in his own good time.

Bertie Baymond's fix was occasioned by his own carelessness.

Usually he was so very precise and careful that no mistake could occur. But on this particular morning, he had a call from an old lady who wished him to attend to her law business. This put Raymond all in a flutter, for clients were very rare visitors.

He had written three letters and mailed two of them, the third lay in his desk and was the cause of his excitement.

He had written one letter to "Dearest Maud," in which he had poured forth his soul, and told his love in impassioned strains.

Things were getting desperate, and so he had determined to end the suspense and get married to the wealthy beauty. A second letter was to Polly, and to her he also told his love, how he regretted the intrusion just at an eventful moment, and wound up his letter with expressions of endearment, but without directly proposing. The third letter we will read. It read as follows:

"DEAR DAN—I am in a devil of a fix. Will you lend me five hundred for a month? Those cursed sharpers are after me, and I shall go into Ludlow Street unless I can pay up. It looks black for me. If you can do so, I will repay at the specified time, for I shall bag the heiress within a month. It will be like living with an iceberg, but her gold will help to warm life elsewhere, so, as I cannot have all, I must not complain. She is dying with love for me, and brown stone, carriages, and at least a hundred thousand will drop into my mouth all at one bite. Yours ever, BERTIE."

The letters were sealed, and the office-boy sent out to mail those to the ladies; the other was kept for further deliberation.

"By Jove! I'll ask Dan to dinner, and talk over the heiress, and I'll be sure to get the loan," he said, as soon as his client had left.

Taking up the envelope he opened it to add a postscript to the letter, when, to his astonishment, he read:

"My dearest Polly—"

He had sent the letter intended for Dan O'Brien to one of the ladies.

But to whom?

That was the dilemma.

Whichever got the letter would think she was the insulted one.

"What can I do?" he asked again.

"I have it," he cried out, loud enough to make the clerks in a near-by office think their neighbor must have taken leave of his senses.

Bertie put on his hat and rushed breathlessly to the nearest Western Union Office.

To each of the fair ones he telegraphed: "Burn my letter unopened, will explain."

"Both ladies are honorable" he thought, "and will at once destroy the letter; but what if my telegram be too late?"

The cold perspiration broke out again, and Bertie Raymond cursed his careless folly.

Ill-luck attended him, for some repairs were being executed and the telegraph operator delayed the messages for two hours. Early in the evening he called at the palatial home of Maud Travers.

She received him with stateliness. For some time he conversed with her on general topics, not daring to refer to the letter. At last he mustered up courage and asked:

"Did you receive my telegram?"

"No, did you send one?"

His heart palpitated rapidly, what could have become of it?

"Yes!" he answered.

"One came for mamma about two hours ago."

"Might I see it?"

"You can see the envelope. Mamma was out, and so it has not been opened."

Bertie looked at the envelope and saw it was addressed to Mrs. Travers.

The stupid operator had sent it to Mrs. instead of Miss.

"Did you get a letter from me?"

"Yes!" coldly.

"It was all a mistake," he commenced.

"Yes, I thought so."

Nothing more could he get from her, so he hastened his departure. It was yet early, and he would risk all by calling on Polly Glynn.

No sooner had Bertie left Miss Travers than she burst into tears.

"Oh, why was I so cold to him? Poor fellow, he loves me so much that he gets confused. What right had I to be cold when it was his love which caused him to send me a law document instead of a letter? Perhaps that telegram would explain. I will open it. Yes, there it is: 'Burn my letter unopened.' Poor fellow, I will write him a nice letter and inclose him the document he sent me."

Polly Glynn was pleased to see handsome Bertie.

"Oh, Bertie," she said, with a freedom which betokened possession, "I did not understand your telegram."

"Why?" he asked again, quivering with excitement.

"I had read your letter and I was so happy."

"The deuce!" he murmured.

"You are not sorry, are you?" she asked naively.

"Sorry?" he repeated, quite perplexed.

"Yes, Bertie, you don't regret? Oh, don't break my heart——" And Polly hid her face on his shoulder and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Handsome Bertie was quite overcome, and he whispered in her ear the words that would bind him to her for life.

Later in the evening she rather surprised him by remarking:

"It was a funny conceit calling me your darling Maud!"

"Whew!" he whistled to himself, "I see it. She got Maud's letter and thinks it intended for her."

The time passed pleasantly, and Bertie Raymond and Polly Glynn had pledged their trust, and even fixed a day for the wedding before they parted that night.

"I'm not sorry," he thought on his way home, "for Polly is a lively, jolly creature, and I sha'n't freeze, that's one consolation." Next morning Raymond was mortified to find that the letter he had written to Dan O'Brien had been slipped into his drawer, and so hadn't been sent to either of the ladies.

"What, in the name of fortune, did I send to Maud, then?"

That query was soon answered, for he recognized among his letters one in the stately Maud's writing.

Breaking the seal, he read words of loving endearment, and apologies for her coldness the preceding evening. He had sent her some penciled notes on a law case, which of course she could not understand. Her coldness was assumed, in order to teach him a lesson not to be so careless in future.

"Well, I'm a bigger idiot than I thought," he said, as he read the letter, and knew that it was now too late.

He managed by some means to gently undeceive Maud, and told her he loved her—with a brother's affection.

Polly Glynn became Polly Raymond in two weeks, and, under her gentle guidance, handsome Bertie is as happy and prosperous as anyone could wish to be.

Not until he danced his first-born on his knee did he tell her that she became his wife through that "awful dilemma."

He has never regretted his carelessness, but whenever Maud visits Polly, as she does sometimes, Bertie thanks his stars that he was once in a terrible fix.

The Distributions of Earthquakes.

In the present condition of the earth's crust, so far as the brief historic record goes to show, earthquakes of an intensity menacing to man are limited to certain regions which probably do not altogether include more than one-fourth of the area of the lands, though shocks of a less degree of violence appear to be common to every part of the surface of the continents. The regions of recurrent shocks of considerable violence are so irregularly distributed that they cannot be adequately noted in this brief essay. They include, in Europe, Iceland, Portugal, Spain, and Southern Italy; the region of the Lower Danube, and some of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. In Asia, the larger part of Asia Minor, several limited areas in Hindostan, the greater part of the eastern littoral region of Asia, and the islands of the Japanese and Malayan Archipelagoes are subjected to destructive shocks.

In Africa, there is, save in Egypt, little architecture to suffer from earthquake disturbance, and even little history to record it. Egypt seems to have been, on the whole, singularly exempt from great earthquakes, while the western portion of the Mediterranean face of the continent shares the disturbances from which the Spanish peninsula has repeatedly suffered. The vast Australian and Polynesian district of the Pacific affords a number of regions of great earthquake activity, of which New Zealand is the only one where we have anything like good observations for even a few score years. It may be said, however, that the greater part of this vast area seems to be more exempt from these indications of activity in the crust than any other equally extensive part of the earth's surface.

We now come to the twin continents, North and South America. The obvious resemblances in the physical configuration of the continents lead us to expect a likeness in their conditions of stability. This resemblance in a certain measure exists. The western shore of both of both of these continents, the seaward face of the great Cordilleran range of mountains, is the seat of the most frequent and, on the whole, the most energetic disturbances which occur within their limits, while the eastern shore of each is comparatively little assailed by shocks. The northern, or Venezuelan, district of South America, which is apparently the seat of an active mountain growth, of which there is no parallel in the northern continent, is a district of recurrent shocks of great violence, such as have never been observed in high latitudes on our own continent. On the other hand, the region from the mouth of the Amazon to the La Plata River, which corresponds to our seaboard Atlantic States, and the provinces of Canada, enjoys an immunity from disturbances probably not exceeded by any other equally extensive area occupied by the Aryan race, while the corresponding region in North America is much less fortunate. —*Prof. N. S. Shaler, in Scribner's Magazine.*

It's an Art to Mix Drinks.

"Oh, yes, it is a good deal of an art to mix drinks properly," said the barkeeper, as he set the cocktail on the mahogany and put fifteen cents in the drawer. "Some barkeepers make big wages, too, because they can mix a drink in a fancy shape, but that's nothing compared with what some men make that can mix the liquors themselves. Almost any man can put a little Angostura and syrup and whisky in a glass and stir it up, but when a man can put some raisins and pure spirits and a few drugs in a barrel and make pretty good liquor, he's an artist and a dandy. Those fellows come high, but the wholesalers have to have 'em. I know one big liquor house in Chicago that pays a man $10,000 a year to make liquor for them. The other houses have tried to get him, but his firm won't let him go. You take a man that can have the head of the house say to him at supper: 'Casey & Curacoa want 100 barrels '78 Maryland rye right off,' and can go and make up the whole order out of raw material and get it barreled by six in the morning, and he's the life of the business; $10,- a year ain't much for him."—*Detroit Journal.*

A PROPER safe working load for wire ropes is as follows: One half inch in diameter, 1,000 pounds; five-eighths rope, 1,500 pounds; three-fourths rope, 3,000 pounds; one-inch rope, 6,000 pounds. This is for nineteen wires to the strand, hemp centers.

REV. ROBERT CUSHMAN preached at Plymouth, Nov. 9, 1621, what was the first sermon ever delivered in New England by a regularly ordained minister.

An Abe Lincoln Story.

I heard a story repeated the other day as an "Abe Lincoln story," but which is older, and must have slumbered somewhere for a good while. Certainly it is not one that the politicians would be likely to repeat on the stump, because it reflects on their craft. In a little group at the Parker House a rather noisy young politician from the City Hall was echoing the sentiments of Henry Watterson and defending the principle that the spoils belong to the victor.

"I see no reason," said he, "why any Republican should be kept in a Federal office here in Boston while I, a Democrat, who have worked hard for the party, am left out in the cold."

"That reminds me," said an elderly man, whom all the town would recognize if I were to describe him, "of an incident that I heard of early in Lincoln's administration. There was a local politician who went on to Washington to get an office that he felt sure only awaited his application to be given to him. In a couple of weeks he came back.

"'Well, did you get your office?' his friends asked him.

"'No,' said he.

"'Did you see the President?'

"'Yes, of course.'

"'What did he say?'

"'Well, we went in and stated our errand. He heard us patiently, and then said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry that I have no office for Mr.——, but if I can't give you that I can tell you a story."

"'We thought best to hear the story and let him go on.'

"Once there was a certain King," he said, "who kept an astrologer to forewarn him of coming events, and especially to tell him whether it were going to rain when he wanted to go on hunting expeditions. One day he started off for the forest with his train of ladies and lords for a grand hunt, when the train met a farmer, riding a donkey, on the road.

"'Good-morning, farmer,' said the King.

"'Good-morning, King,' said the farmer, 'where are you folks going?'

"'Hunting,' said the King.

"'Lord, you'll all get wet!' said the farmer.

"The King trusted his astrologer, of course, and went to the forest; but by mid-day there came on a terrific storm, that drenched and buffeted the whole party. When the King returned to his palace he had the astrologer decapitated, and sent for the farmer to take his place.

"'Law's sake,' said the farmer when he arrived, 'it ain't me that knows when it's going to rain; it's my donkey. When it's goin' to be fair weather, that donkey always carries his ears forward, so. When it's goin' to rain, he puts 'em backward, so.'

"'Make the donkey the court astrologer!' shouted the King.

"It was done. But the King always declared that the appointment was the greatest mistake he ever made in his life.

"'Lincoln stopped here.'

"'Why did he say it was a mistake?' we asked him. 'Didn't the donkey do his duty?'

"'Yes,' said the President, 'but after that time every donkey in the country wanted an office.'"

The shout of laughter that echoed from the hotel corridor at the telling of this narrative would have made the fortune of two or three entirely new stories.—*Taverner, in Boston Post.*

Harsh Judges.

I was taken frequently when a boy into the different criminal courts of the metropolis, and while there still exist great anomalies and many serious imperfections, there can be no doubt that the machinery is much improved since those days. Among the changes is that in cases of felony, involving as they did then in many, I might say most of them, the penalty of death, counsel were not permitted to address the jury, and a theory was in many quarters triumphantly enunciated that the judge was the prisoner's counsel. Such fact, however, was scarcely discoverable by an unscientific observer, and the demeanor of some judges certainly produced a different impression. Baron Gurney, whom I remember well, exhibited great harshness of manner and considerable impatience, but this probably arose from his own rapidity of perception, and certainly not from any innate cruelty of mind. He extended much kindly hospitality to the junior members of the bar, and he is the last of the old gentlemen that I remember who in his own house received his guests in knee-breeches and silk stockings.—*Sergt. Ballantyne, in Temple Bar.*

Applied Electricity.

The applications of electricity are daily becoming more varied, and the remarkable growth of electrical industries is a subject of interest to most observing people. It is difficult to realize that only ten years ago the commercial applications of electricity with which the public was familiar might have been summed up in the electric telegraph and its subsidiary systems, and yet such is the fact. Nevertheless the money value of the capital invested in electrical enterprises at the present time is only probably exceeded, in any single industry, by the amount invested in steam transportation and in municipal gas lighting. This rapid extension of the electrical arts is not largely due, however, to the discovery of new principles nor to inventions of a revolutionary character, but chiefly to the perfecting of details and practical modifications in old systems operated by well-known methods.—*Prescott, in the Chautauquan.*

A Pennsylvania Patriarch.

Jacob Croninger, Sr., of Milford Township, Pennsylvania, 91 years old, and still in vigorous health, has a goodly line of descendants. Of his children, sixteen are living, and one is dead; of his grandchildren, eighty-six are living and twenty-two dead; of his great-grandchildren, sixty are living and five dead; and there have been born to him two great-great-grandchildren, but both are dead. Out of 192 descendants 162 are living. The patriarch lives on the farm where he was born and where he has always lived.

HUMOR.

THREE things to wish for: health, a cheerful spirit, friends.

DID Solomon have John L. in mind when he said "go to the ant, thou sluggard?"

SIZE ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.

THE youthful and inexperienced married man may not know it, but it is a fact all the same: Corsets cannot be purchased at the lace-goods counter.

TO THE housewife—Don't imagine the pillow displayed at the warerooms of a furniture dealer to be filled with live geese feathers just because they are marked down.

DUDE (meeting his tailor where he couldn't escape him)—Ah, Jones, old boy, how dy' do? Beastly weather this. It's so unsettled, don't you know." Tailor—Ugh—yes—just like my bill.—*Washington Critic.*

AN advertisement in a French newspaper: "Fritz X——, an experienced accountant, desires a place as cashier. In the interest of the security of patrons he would state that he is afflicted with two wooden legs.—*French Fun.*

A LYNN clergyman relates that on one occasion, after marrying a couple, an envelope was handed to him, which he supposed, of course, contained the marriage fee. On opening it, he found a slip of paper, on which was written, "We desire your prayers."

AN ambitious young painter has gone to Washington to ask permission to paint the House of Representatives for his great historical picture. Well, we see no objection to his painting the honorable House. It has been whitewashed several times, but the operation has to be repeated too frequently.—*Burdette.*

"A SENSIBLE" woman, as Dr. Abernethy would have called her, was discovered by a shy man, who made her a rather original proposal. He bought a wedding ring, and sent it to the lady, inclosing a sheet of note-paper with the brief question. "Does it fit?" By return of post he received the answer: "Beautifully."

"IN what country were you born?" asked the election officer. "In none, sor," replied the citizen. "What? Answer me plainly. What is your native land?" "I have none, sor. I was born at sea." "Then," replied the officer, "you have a Vaterland, although you talk like an Irishman. You vote in the navy-yard."—*Burdette.*

THE following advertisement recently appeared—"A father wants to find a school for his son where a manly and useful education will be given him, and where the teachers do not fill the heads of their pupils with humbug stories about nations that died and were buried thousands of centuries ago, not a citizen of which could either command a steamboat or manage a railway station."

FIRST gentleman, entering apartment of second gentleman—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel? Second gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir. First G.—And I told you that I had just been married, and I did not wish to risk my life at such hazard. Second G. (haughtily)—I remember, sir. First G. (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have undergone a change; any time you want to fight let me know. Bon jour. —*French Fun.*

MISTAKING the door young Mr. Cipher walked into the dentist's office instead of the doctor's. "Doctor," he groaned, "I'm in bad shape. My head aches all the time and I can't do anything with it." "Yes, yes," said Dr. Toothaker, cheerfully. "I see; big cavity in it; must be hollow; you'll need to have it filled." And seeing his mistake young Mr. Cipher apologized and went out and told it all around as a capital good joke on the dentist.—*Burdette.*

IT is, perhaps, hardly the province of this paper to criticise nature, but then it does seem as if it would have been a great stroke if man had been created with arms that would slide out about forty feet like a spy-glass, so that he could reach and lock the front door and wind the clock and set back the rocking chair and close the shutters after he goes to bed. Yes, and put out the cat and scatter some poison for his neighbor's dog and bring in the baby carriage.—*Dakota Bell.*

How They Raised the Devil.

Parson Lorenzo Dow once stopped at a log cabin near this city. His host was a man given to drink, and all the efforts of his wife to stop him were of no avail. She asked the eccentric parson if he in any way could help her husband. The parson said he would resort to prayer after supper when her husband returned home. Just before supper was announced, however, the husband came staggering in the cabin door. He was jolly. He was drunk. The good wife greeted him with the information: "Parson Dow is up stairs in the loft," which was the best accommodation that could be given him.

"Is-s-s he?" drawled out the tipsy husband. "We-l-l-l, br-br-ing him d-d-down."

This order was obeyed, and presently the parson came down.

"C-can you r-raise th-th-the d-devil, Pr-pr-parson Dow? If y-y-you can I'll b-b-believe in you."

The parson had seen a barrel of cotton in the loft. An idea struck him. He steps outside gets a little negro boy and puts him in the barrel of cotton. The barrel and the boy were brought down from the loft. The tipsy landlord asked:

"I'r-pr-parson, c-c-can you r-r-raise the d-d-devil?"

"Yes, if you give me a light," came the answer. A light was brought. The cotton was set on fire. Presently out jumped the little black negro, and the half-dazed husband, frightened, yet fully convinced of the parson's supernatural powers, exclaimed amid excitement and confusion, in the vernacular of the day:

"Pr-pr-parson, I-I'm yore m-m-meat; I-I'll quit," and, sure enough, he never "smiled" again.—*Baltimore American.*

THE Scandinavians, one of the chief branches of the Teutonic people, do not figure in history until the ninth and tenth centuries, when they appear as the Norsemen.